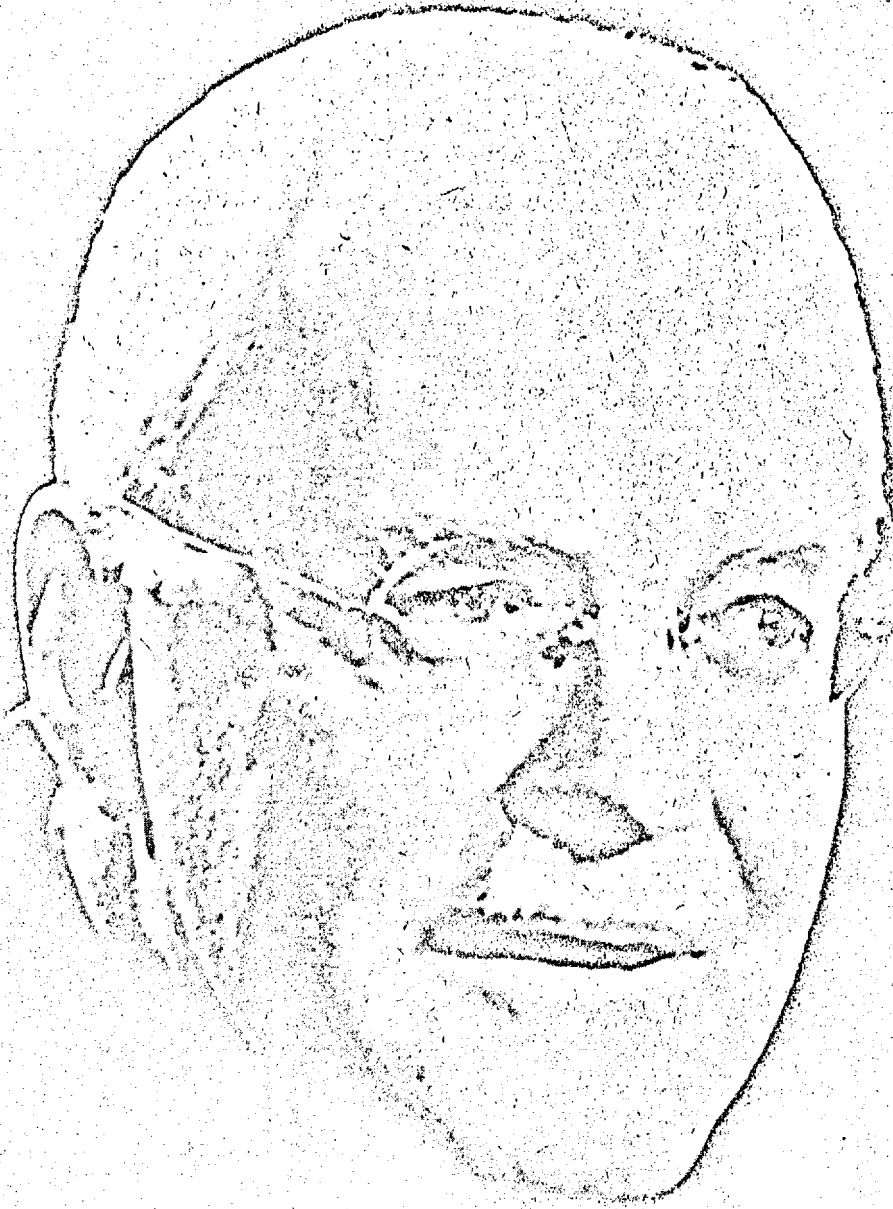


JANUARY 1965



from "TOP SECRET" files, the exploits

of the CIA's genius of international
espionage **ALLEN DULLES**

AMERICA'S MASTER SPY

by PETER LAMB

① S.S. agent George Prentiss, code name "Cat," hurriedly whipped his four-in-hand tie into a careless knot, removed his jacket from the back of the chair and slipped into it. Less for vanity and more to check last minute details, he looked into the bedroom mirror. The grubby little mustache, slightly soiled white shirt, rumpled lapels of the cheap black serge suit, the slight stoop he affected—everything he saw created the impression he wanted: a Swiss civil servant, or perhaps

a bookkeeper in one of Berne's moderate-priced tourist hotels.

Something else in the mirror reminded him there was one more loose end to be taken care of before he left the room. Asleep in the bed was the sheet-draped figure of the downstairs maid, Lisa. Her healthy, tanned skin and straw-blonde hair contrasted sharply with the antiseptically white covers. An arm slipped lazily over the edge of the bed and a devilish smile crossed her full red lips, revealing—perhaps for the first time—her awareness that the movement had made her naked to the waist. Or maybe her

smile was a reminder of the ecstasy of their thrashing bodies before she dropped off into a light slumber.

Prentiss bent over and kissed her lightly on the neck. She stirred and opened her eyes slowly, adjusting them to the rays of the mellow bedside light. When he was certain she was awake, he whispered: "I have to go now. I can let myself out through the kitchen door."

No need to have her wake up all of a sudden, find him not there and start some damned fool commotion at the wrong time, he thought. Maybe even wake up the others ahead of time.

He kissed her once more, snapped out the light and tiptoed out into the hall. Reaching the door to the kitchen, he slipped in, then halted on the other side of the threshold. From then on, a series of strange events took place that must first be described before they can be explained.

Prentiss scratched the back of his right ear and removed what looked like a quarter-inch square piece of loose skin. He held it tightly between his thumb and forefinger as if it were precious. Then very quietly, he walked across the room to the refrigerator and opened it. From the gleaming white cavern he took out a neatly wrapped package—five Bavarian sausages—and put four of them into his pocket. Holding a pencil flashlight in his teeth for light, he then punctured a tiny hole into the casing of the remaining one. Finally, he took the piece of skin he had been so carefully guarding and scraped from it a tiny object about the size of the head of a pin. This he inserted into the hole in the sausage casing. The sausage was then placed back in the refrigerator.

That done, Prentiss opened the kitchen door and stepped out into a courtyard. However, instead of heading for the high iron fence that surrounded the property, or toward the heavily guarded gate, he crept silently to the other side of the building. Finding an open window, he climbed in. The room was a small den that was crowded with bookcases, a desk, one huge lounging chair and an end table with a tall ornate lamp.

Prentiss purposely walked across the room and barged into the table, bringing the lamp crashing loudly to the floor. Spinning in his tracks, he raced to the window and leaped out head first, breaking his fall with a rolling somersault as he hit the ground. On his feet now, he shouted a series of garbled commands in thick German guttural.

As the sound of running feet reached him from around the corner of the house, he sprinted to the foot of the iron fence. And, with all the precision and grace of an Olympic gymnast, the O.S.S. agent pulled himself hand over hand to the top. Steel-banded muscles lifted him lightly over the pickets and he dropped gently to the ground. Instead of running, however, he walked nonchalantly across the street and stood motionless in the darkened doorway of a shuttered flower shop.

Several lights went on in the villa from which he had just made his hurried exit, and he heard the chaotic din mount with the passing minutes. At last, it happened. The sequence of events he'd planned for. A light went on in a second floor room, followed by a long pause, and then Lisa's window was

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bathed in light. Moments later, the kitchen light was turned on, just as he had hoped it would be.

Prentiss looked at his watch. It is 2:30 a.m. The timing, he tells himself, is almost perfect—within minutes of the way he planned it.

Tomorrow morning a doctor will call at the villa (he will have to make certain the place was kept under surveillance for a week or so just to be sure, he mused). The medic will be puzzled by the exotic symptoms of his patient and probably diagnose the ailment as acute indigestion. On the following day, the victim will be out of his mind with a raging fever. And within another 24-hour period, Lt. Kris Berner, chief security officer for the Nazi *Abwehr* in Berne, Switzerland, will be dead.

How could Prentiss be so positive that the sequence of events would follow the pattern as he outlined them that night in January 1943, when he stood in a flower shop doorway, watching the drama unfold before his eyes? To get the answer to that question, we must go back in time to April 1942, when a tall, tweedy, pipe-smoking international lawyer named Allen W. Dulles made his way across Spain to unoccupied southern France. A friendly French border guard, almost under the very eyes of Nazi *Gestapo* officers, permitted Dulles to enter the country and to continue his trip to Berne, Switzerland. Immediately thereafter, the south of France was occupied by the Germans and the French border was closed to all members of Allied coun-

tries. Thus, in the darkest days of World War II, Allen Dulles became the last American to enter Switzerland via the customary routes of travel.

He arrived in Berne, the capital of Switzerland, with orders from the chief of the newly organized Office of Strategic Services, William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan, to set up O.S.S. headquarters for Europe. In effect his job was to be the eyes, ears, hands and head of probably the biggest operation of its kind in the history of armed warfare. It broke down into two parts:

1) to wed the Resistance movement of Nazi-occupied countries in central Europe and the Balkans to the Allied military effort; and

2) to dig, steal, ferret out and gather into one vast clearing house all the intelligence about the Axis enemy—the countries, their people, their leaders, their plans—that could be in any way useful to the Allies in their pursuit of total victory.

Dulles was given the title of special assistant to the American minister at Berne, Leland Harrison. Actually, his apartment in a medieval building on Herren Street on the River Aar was the nerve center for all O.S.S. operations for as far out into the European land mass as his agents could feasibly reach.

Donovan had picked Dulles for the post because of his reputation as a brilliant organizer and for his background in World War I. Before the earlier conflict, Dulles had joined the U.S. Foreign Service and was stationed in Vienna. When

between Germany and the U.S. broke out in 1917, he was transferred to Berne. It was here that he got his baptism of fire, gathering political intelligence from southeast Europe. He was also instrumental in creating an undercover organization that operated in France and parts of Germany, and made a determined—although unsuccessful—attempt to seduce the Austro-Hungarian Empire out of the German camp.

In other words, Dulles knew his way around the world of intrigue that dominated Switzerland in particular and Europe in general in wartime 1942. He was Donovan's man for the job, and Switzerland was a first-rate base of operations. The country, though neutral, was nothing less than a giant supermarket for the international espionage and counterespionage plots and schemes of all the warring powers that were then locked in mortal combat in W.W. II. It was here where the O.S.S., the German *Abwehr* or secret service, the Italian S.I.M., could operate against each other with surprising impunity.

Throughout the war, intrigue between the giant nations was almost a natural resource for the Swiss. A few Berne citizens even opened up novelty shops from which they sold masks, false whiskers and stage make-up—and did a land office business.

Just to give you some idea of the sort of thing that was commonplace in Berne, when *Il Duce* ordered the execution of his brother-in-law, Count Ciano, O.S.S. agents stole his diary. The agent delivering the diary to Dulles was waylaid in a Berne taxicab and the diary was delivered to *Abwehr* headquarters on Theaterplatz. Then, the next morning, an O.S.S. plant inside *Abwehr* headquarters restole the precious volume and brought it to Dulles, in whose possession it re-

Adolf Hitler, surrounded by Goering, Goebbels and other aides, rages after the attempted assassination on July 20, 1944. The plot was well known to Dulles, working out of his Berne, Switzerland, headquarters, months before it actually took place.



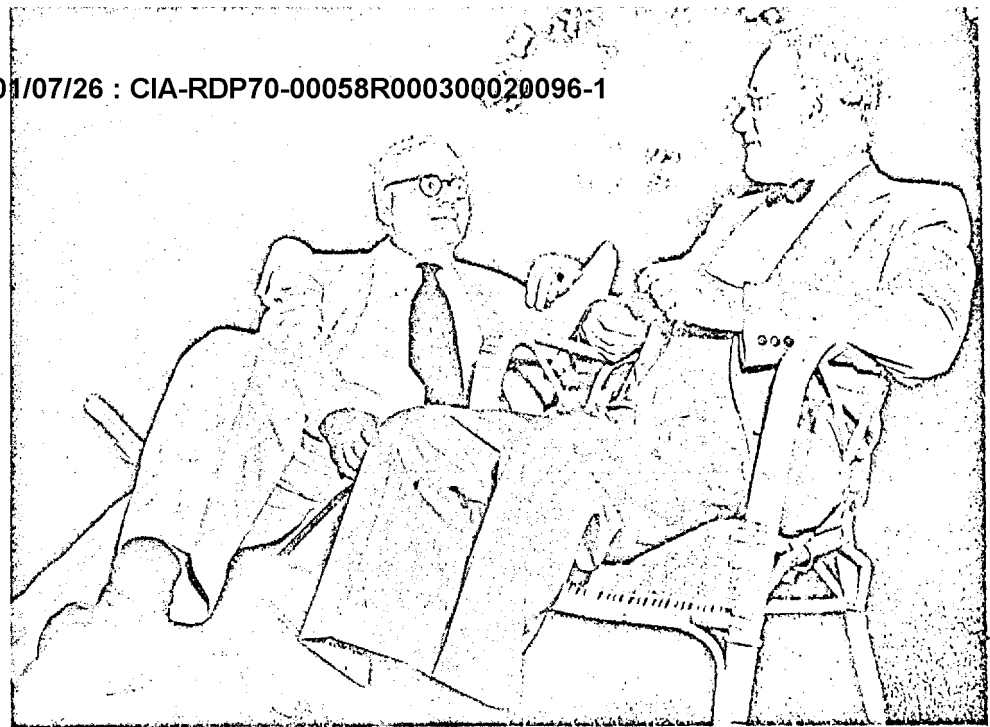
C.I.A. chief Allen Dulles relives the plot against Hitler's life with Dr. Hans Gisevius, one of the anti-Nazi conspirators whom Dulles helped to escape death.

mained for the duration of the war.

In the whole exotic business of espionage and counterespionage, no one was as successful at infiltrating the enemy's ranks as Allen Dulles. First, he had contacts. Many of the men he recruited were pre-war acquaintances he knew to be anti-Nazi and who, he was certain, could be reached.

His most important coup was in signing up the vice-consul of the German Legation in Berne, Hans Gisevius. The German's title was as misleading as the one O.S.S. had created for Dulles. In reality, Gisevius was an intelligence officer, stationed at the legation, but assigned to the *Abwehr*. And, during the course of the war, some of the most valuable information to come out of Germany and find its way into Dulles's hands was supplied by Gisevius.

And there were others—Adam von Trott zu Solz, a counselor-of-legation in Berne; Otto Karl Kiep, a top echelon officer in the Foreign Ministry; and Hans Berndt von Haeften, also a counselor-of-legation. Another informant—and one of the best—was a man known only by his code name "George Wood," or more often simply "Wood." The secret of who he was will probably die with Dulles, as will the real name of the aforementioned "George Prentiss," another cover name, which was adopted for security reasons and to protect the real agent from reprisals that might arise as a result of the kind of job he had to do in the dirty business of espionage.



Within days after Dulles arrived in Berne, Gisevius and the others were working for the Allied cause and siphoning off vital information to O.S.S. headquarters on Herren Street. Movement along the pipeline continued uninterrupted until January 1943, when Dulles received the information, probably from Kiep, that "Wood" was in trouble, or soon would be. A Lt. Kris Berner, who was in charge of *Abwehr* security, had begun to assemble a dossier on the O.S.S. agent. The existence of the dossier was known only to Berner and Dulles's informant, but while the dossier could be stolen easily, the exposure of "Wood" was imminent unless something could be

done to silence the Nazi counterintelligence expert.

A "cut-out," or intermediary, was selected to contact "George Prentiss," an O.S.S. specialist in delicate matters of this sort. His message was clear—*get rid of Berner*. The carrying out of his mission was something else again. Berner's elimination had to take place without arousing the suspicion of Swiss authorities, who would not look too kindly on any violation of their hospitality. Moreover, suspicion could not be permitted to fall on "Wood," Gisevius and the others. "Wood" was told to find an excuse to return to Germany for a few

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Der Führer visits the horribly burned General Scherff in a hospital ward several hours after the blast meant for Hitler took place. By sheer luck, Hitler moved out of range just before time bomb went off. The explosion took other lives.



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(Continued)

days; Gisevius, Trott zu Solz, Kiep and Haeflten, since they did not work at *Abwehr*, were advised to stay clear of the headquarters for at least a week.

With the field now clear, "George Prentiss" or "Cat," was free to make his hit. He had to work fast, but some of the groundwork had already been laid for him. The O.S.S. file on Berner, plus the information "Wood" was able to supply about the man, revealed two very important facts:

For one thing, Berner had a rather singular vice—he liked food, enormous quantities of it. Furthermore, whenever he was under pressure, which was practically all the time in his job, he relieved the tension by eating. Some days, when the going was especially rough, he would eat seven and eight full meals, wake up hungry in the middle of the night and have another plate of food served to him in his room on the second floor of *Abwehr* headquarters.

Secondly, his favorite dish was Bavarian sausage.

Berner's gluttonous penchant for food immediately suggested the means of his liquidation—poison. Early in its infancy, the O.S.S. had developed a special weapon for circumstances like the Berner assassination. It was botulinus toxin, the inert poison that causes botulism. It was used extensively by the O.S.S. because it was both efficient and could be found in its natural state in improperly canned and cured meats and vegetables. This later fact proved very useful in making many O.S.S. political assassinations look like unfortunate accidents, which was exactly what was required in the Berner case—to throw Swiss authorities and Berner's compatriots off the scent.

Also, even when it was sealed in a gelatin capsule, a lethal dose was no bigger than the head of a pin. With the aid of stage make-up, a capsule of the deadly brew could be secreted on any

part of the body and made to look like nothing more harmful than a pimple.

This was the weapon Prentiss chose. His only problem was to get the poison into Berner's food and no one else's. Since the O.S.S. already had many anti-Nazi friends among the German colony in Berne, it was easy enough for Prentiss to arrange a hurried introduction to Lisa Bauer, the downstairs maid at *Abwehr* headquarters. Despite his rather seedy appearance—the result of a very simple and subtle disguise—Prentiss scored quickly with the young lady, appealing to her mercenary nature with a shower of expensive gifts, all of which were bought with money from the U.S. Treasury. Within three days after he started his campaign, Lisa invited him to spend the night in her room.

The rest was easy. On that fateful night in January, he walked through the gate of *Abwehr* headquarters, with Lisa on his arm. The guards gave his forged Swiss ID papers only a cursory inspection. Obviously they had become accustomed to Lisa's comings and goings with generous admirers. After enjoying the fruits of Lisa's firm, youthful body, Prentiss left her and planted the capsule of deadly poison in the sausage. He then made certain to create enough noise to arouse the guards and the rest of the household.

As he had worked it out earlier and saw it develop from the protection of the flowershop doorway, the shouting, scurrying guards would awaken Berner just about the time his stomach was beginning to feel its customary pangs of hunger. The condition of his empty stomach, plus the tension created by the news of an intruder in *Abwehr* headquarters, would cause him to call down for an early morning snack. Since the cook was a Swiss native who slept out, Lisa would answer the call and go to the refrigerator. She would see the lone sausage, and knowing Berner's preference for the Bavarian delicacy, would prepare it for him. In any event, even if she decided to cook something else, the sausage would eventually find its way to Berner's plate, because it was the last one in the refrigerator and probably reserved for his insatiable gut.

Prentiss waited another hour, until the light in the second floor window went out, signaling Berner's return to bed. Then, the O.S.S. man walked calmly down the street into the night. The next morning, he shaved off his mustache

and burned the black serge suit and white shirt. The generous, stoop-shouldered civil servant was never seen in Berne again.

As for Berner, he died three days later in an acute spasm that burst his fat-swelled, overworked heart. He never had a chance to reveal the results of his investigation of "Wood" whose dossier mysteriously turned up on Allen Dulles's desk the day before Berner died.

The recruiting and covering up for "Wood" proved to be one of Dulles's greatest achievements in simple espionage. Within one 18-month period, "Wood" channeled more than 1,600 top secret or confidential documents to the O.S.S., and by the time the war was over, the dedicated anti-Nazi German had run the tally up to 2,800. Most of the documents consisted of diplomatic correspondence between the German Foreign Office and 20 different countries, reports from Nazi military, naval and air attaches in Japan, information on the organizational make-up of the *Abwehr* in Spain, Switzerland and Sweden, and additional data on German espionage set-ups in England.

"Wood," along with the other O.S.S. agents in German organizations, uncovered evidence that the Germans had successfully broken the complicated and secret code of the U.S. Legation at Berne. The intelligence reached the legation just in time for it to prevent the contents of top secret State Department documents from falling into the hands of the *Abwehr*.

But Dulles did not depend entirely on old friends to keep his pipelines flowing. Very early in the game, he prepared elaborate reports for Washington. Since all Swiss borders were closed, he cabled these reports either in the clear or used an easily decipherable code. He knew the Nazi deciphering organization, the *Forschungsamt*, would break the code. The documents would receive wide circulation, particularly among German intelligence units, where the highest incidence of revolt against the Nazi regime was known to exist. These pockets of anti-Nazism, Dulles was sure, stood a good chance of being impressed by the remarkable objectivity of his reports and would perhaps become aware of the fact that the O.S.S. man was looking for more and better intelligence. It was a fishing expedition and many of the intended prey went for it hook, line and sinker.

Some of the anti-Nazis stayed in their

posts and simply fed what information they could to Dulles when the occasion presented itself. Others deserted and crossed the Swiss borders to become political refugees. Since the Swiss have very strict immigration laws, this latter group presented Dulles with some special problems. In order to remain in Switzerland, immigrants must be able to prove they have some legal means of support. Obviously, Dulles's new friends could not admit they were employed by the O.S.S., even though they were being paid a living wage for their information and work. Thus, Swiss authorities kept hounding them, threatening deportation if they didn't soon find legitimate employment.

Dulles solved the problem by creating a fake insane asylum on the outskirts of Berne and had this unique group of "neurotics" and "psychotics" legally committed. Of course they didn't remain committed, but traveled throughout Switzerland and back and forth into Germany as often as they or Dulles desired. It was simply that the legal requirements had been satisfied and they were no longer harassed by Swiss police.

Dulles, himself, seldom made direct contact with his O.S.S. agents, whether they were Americans like "Prentiss" or foreign nationals such as Gisevius. Usually, the O.S.S. chief at Berne preferred to work through intermediaries, or "cut-outs," sometimes several of them. He did this not because of any aloofness toward subordinates, but because he desired above everything else to protect his operatives. The less they were seen with or near him, the safer they were.

One very unusual intermediary was not so much a person, as it was a place—the operating room of Charité Hospital. When an agent had a choice bit of intelligence, perhaps several top-secret documents, which he wanted passed on to Dulles, he would arrange to have himself admitted to the hospital for an emergency operation. Once in the operating room, a member of the hospital staff, usually an X-ray technician on the O.S.S. payroll, would photograph the documents and relay the negatives to Dulles. Hospital records of the informant were then either altered or simply mislaid, and he was left free to return to his post, say, at the German Legation. He'd replace the documents in their proper place before the start of the following business day—and no one in the legation would be the wiser. Over 95 percent of the long list of documents supplied Dulles by "Wood" were never reported missing by his Nazi superiors.

Of course, the life of an O.S.S. agent in Switzerland, or wherever else his assignments might have taken him, was not just a matter of one triumph after another over the *Abwehr*. As might be expected in any intelligence operation, there were defeats. Germany's breaking the code of the U.S. Legation at Berne was a close call. Before the war was over, Otto Karl Kiep and Adam von Trotz zu Solz were exposed by Gestapo agents and closed out their careers as numbers on the Gestapo's *Mordregister*, or list of the dead.

Sometimes, the failures were not quite as tragic, as in the case of an O.S.S. agent with the unlikely code name of "Germanium," which was finally shortened to "Gerry" when the operative requested an alias that had a more masculine ring to it. "Gerry" was having an affair with a member of the clerical staff in the office of the German Legation at Berne. The relationship was not part of its original assignment, which was merely to attempt to set up a plant in the attache's file room.

The fact that the affair was somewhat more than platonic was one of the more enjoyable aspects of the job.

In any event, Gerry kept pressing his willing mistress, Olga Klausen, for information. The fact that she resisted his constant requests should have been a tip-off, but for some reason Gerry merely attributed her unwillingness to cooperate to an easily explained loyalty to the fatherland. The affair continued for about a month and was broken up one Sunday afternoon at the *Barengraben*, Berne's world famous tourist attraction, the bear pit. As Gerry, accompanied by Olga, leaned over the railing around the pit to feed the animals, he felt a light rabbit punch on the back of his neck that sent him toppling over the edge and onto an enormous brown bruin. Fortunately for Gerry, he had the presence of mind to rap the charging bear on the nose, which momentarily stopped the animal and gave the attendants enough time to rescue the O.S.S. agent from the jaws of death.

A thorough investigation was made of Olga Klausen's background by the O.S.S. and it was eventually determined that she was a member of the Nazi Gestapo and a specialist in political assassination. In a career that spanned the first three years of the war in Europe, she had been responsible for the deaths of seven O.S.S. agents and 26 French Partisans.

But Lady Luck was more often on the side of the O.S.S. than she was on the side of the enemy. In June 1943, O.S.S. agents inside Germany picked up a French worker who had escaped across the Rhine to Rehen. The *ouvrier* reported he had been drafted as a forced laborer and his most recent assignment had been to guard, of all things, barrels of water being transported from Rjukan, Norway, to Peenemunde, an island in the Baltic Sea. Upon receipt of the information, Dulles forwarded it to Washington, pinpointing the unlikelihood of forced laborers being used to guard as worthless a commodity as water.

The wires between Berne and Washington sizzled with activity, and it was reasoned that the only water worth guarding was "heavy water," or deuterium, a necessary product in the development of an atomic bomb. It was the first hint that the Nazis were preparing to take the plunge into the Nuclear Age. After several R.A.F. recon missions over the island, it was determined that Peenemunde was in reality Germany's proving ground for new weapons.

In August of 1943, a joint R.A.F. and 8th Air Force bomber raid virtually leveled the island and killed some 1,000 German workers and scientists. The assault, it was later learned, set back the German V-1 and V-2 rocket programs some six to nine months. The stalled timetable prevented the Nazis from destroying England as the invasion base for D-Day, and when their *Vergeltung*, or "vengeance" weapons, were finally operational, they were used only against the civilian population of Great Britain.

Where luck played an important part in this phase of the campaign was in the fact that the "heavy water" was never really intended for use at Peenemunde. It was forwarded to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and other centers of nuclear research inside Germany.

However, even some of Dulles's most brilliant achievements were less a matter of luck and more the result of good, solid type. "Wood," for example, supplied him only with a tip that someone in the British Embassy at Ankara, Turkey, was peddling

vital Allied military and diplomatic secrets to the Nazis. When Dulles passed along the lead to British Intelligence, they were eventually able to unearth evidence against the valet of Ambassador Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen. The valet later became the most publicized spy of World War II—"Cicero," who attained espionage immortality with the release of the movie "Five Fingers."

In April 1944, a crack German regiment manned the southern end of the giant Simplon Tunnel, which ran 20 miles under the Alps from northern Italy to Switzerland. Dulles learned from one of his Berne sources that the hard-pressed Nazi had mined the tunnel at the Italian end and planned to blow it up when the Allied advance up the boot got too close. O.S.S. agents leading members of the Italian Partisan 83rd Garibaldi Brigade, among which were 75 mountaineers, attacked the entrance. Coming in both frontally and from an overhanging ledge, they rushed the Nazi guards and captured their objective. Then, when the balance of the Nazi regiment stormed out of their barracks, the O.S.S. men and Partisans used the mined dynamite to destroy their attackers in one of the bloodiest ambushes of the war.

Dulles's biggest set-back and certainly the most frustrating operation he ever entered into was his involvement in the German generals's plot to assassinate Hitler. It was from Gisevius that Dulles learned of the scheme a full 10 days before the abortive attempt against the Führer was made. He bombarded Washington, London and Moscow with messages, pleading with them to support the conspirators. It called for a top level decision, but President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill vetoed any direct Allied participation in the plot. They said they would have nothing to do with "black espionage," an intelligence label for the dirtier side of the espionage game.

Dulles, to this day, is convinced that had the Allies assisted the conspirators, Hitler would have been assassinated and the war would have been shortened by several months. As it turned out, he had to settle for a crumb of triumph when he was shooting for the whole loaf of bread.

Gisevius, who played an important role in the plot and was one of its prime instigators, was in Berlin on July 20, 1944, the day the attempt was made on Hitler's life at Rassenburg. The dedicated anti-Nazi had gone there to be on hand when the new government was formed. When the plot fell through, he fortunately missed the initial bloodbath that destroyed such German military luminaries as Rommel, Beck, von Tresckow, von Stauffenberg, and hundreds of others. But he was trapped and he knew it was only a matter of time before the Gestapo closed in on him. He smuggled a message through to Dulles in which he outlined his predicament. An escape plan was set in motion. It was a classic O.S.S. rescue operation.

Several sets of papers—military pass, travel permit, identification, ration books, medical record, pay book and military records—were forged so as to create a new character for Gisevius, that of a Gestapo agent. Photographs of Gisevius were retouched to show him in the uniform of the hated SS. Also, several Gestapo rings were counterfeited. Then, one set of papers, photos and ring were given to each of several teams of O.S.S. The theory being that at least one of them would get through to the beleaguered German.

One such team was given the code

name "Jiggs and Maggie," for the obvious reason that the two persons making it up were a man and woman. "Jiggs" was an American, a former Hollywood stunt man, a second generation German who spoke his ancestors language fluently. "Maggie" was a German national, a tall, full-figured blonde and former coding clerk for the *Abwehr* in Berlin. They made the trip together into the very heart of Nazi Germany as man and wife, Herr Ludwig Krauss, a physicist, and his spouse, Erna.

Once inside Germany, they traveled sometimes by train, occasionally by car, hitching rides on farm trucks and military vehicles. For a good part of their journey they moved across the country virtually unimpeded, and were held up or questioned only twice by over-zealous officials at check points along the way. But as the couple approached Berlin, they began to notice more and more of a feeling of tension in the air, a tightening of security. Gestapo agents, in uniforms and civilian clothes, were everywhere. Their ID papers were checked several times over—on the street, in restaurants, railroad stations and aboard trains. Finally, at Magdeburg, only 75 miles from their destination, Berlin, their luck began to run out.

They had booked accommodations on a train that was scheduled to get them to Berlin within three hours, a reasonable length of time considering the condition of the German railway system that late in the war. The train, however, had been commandeered at Hannover for troop transportation to the front and another one would not reach Magdeburg until the following day. Threatened with being caught on the street after curfew time, they found a hotel and registered for the night.

It happened in the hotel restaurant, when they had finished their meal. The waitress asked them if they'd like something else and "Jiggs," or "Ludwig," blurted out: "*Kaffee mit Sahne und zucker.*"

He immediately caught himself and altered his order to coffee with cream, eliminating the request for sugar. It was a near-fatal mistake. There was no sugar in wartime Germany for popular consumption, hadn't been for years—and everyone knew it. "Jiggs" could only hope the waitress overlooked the slip.

He paid the check and he and "Maggie," or "Erna," went upstairs to their room. Under a prior agreement, they turned their backs on each other and prepared for bed. Since, to verify their cover story, it was necessary for them to share the same room each night, they had arranged a set routine. Ludwig improvised some sort of sleeping arrangement on the floor and Erna took the bed. They did not discuss their mission, but only talked about the routine things that are a traditional ritual between man and wife the world over—just in case they were being overheard.

But, on this particular occasion, they hadn't been in the room more than five minutes when the door to the adjoining room slammed shut. Through paper-thin walls they could hear the clump-clump of two pairs of heavy feet walking across the room. Then complete silence. It was unnatural, Ludwig thought.

Erna sensed his alarm. She cupped her hand against the wall, indicating her belief that the occupants of the next room might be using a listening device to pick up the couple's conversation. She beckoned him over to the bed. Since tapping instruments were less sophisticated then than they are today, she took the chance

and whispered: "Let's really throw them off the scent."

Erna kissed him loudly on the cheek and then moaned low and long. Following her lead, Ludwig returned the kiss and added a few sound effects of his own. More kisses, each one more passionate than the one before, and soon the game was being played with determined seriousness. The sweet nothings, exchanged in German, began to take on new meaning for both of them. Soon they were locked in each other's embrace. A wave of passion swept over them, so violent they no longer dared speak. . . .

When it was all over, they just laid there, hoping the eavesdroppers would be convinced by their impromptu performance. But it didn't work out that way. Again they heard footsteps in the next room and the slamming door. Then, a loud pounding at their own door.

"The dirty swine!" Ludwig snarled. "Well, I hope we gave the filthy-minded bastards a big fat thrill."

Deciding to bluff it out, the nude couple donned their night clothes and Ludwig answered the door, to find himself staring down the muzzle of a shiny, black Luger. The towering Teutonic type holding the gun stepped into the room, followed by his companion, a dumpy individual who wheezed heavily.

The tall one glanced at the bed where Erna affected a cowering position. Then he spoke the most feared and despised word in the language of Nazi Germany—"Gestapo!"

He ordered them to get dressed. Both men leered as Erna maneuvered herself into her clothes. Each piece of clothing was superficially searched by the wheezing agent, and then handed to its owner. But he missed two important items. One was the set of papers for Gisevius neatly sewn into Erna's girdle. The other was an innocent looking device in the watch pocket of Ludwig's pants.

It was known as a "Stinger" in O.S.S. parlance, and was standard equipment for all male agents because it could be easily hidden in the fob pocket, a feature of U.S. men's clothing that has never been adopted by any European country. The simple mechanism was nothing more than a three-inch steel tube, a cocking lever and a .22 overloaded cartridge. At close range, it could be every bit as deadly as a Thompson submachine gun.

Ludwig, aware now that the bluff wasn't working, slipped the Stinger into the palm of his hand as he put his pants on. His slight-of-hand went unnoticed by the two Gestapo agents, but not by the alert Erna. She was ready for anything.

The wheezing agent threw their night clothes into the one suitcase they shared, snapped it shut and carried it out into the hall. Ludwig and Erna marched ahead of the tall one who still held the Luger in his hand. Once out in the hall, Ludwig turned to his captor as if to say something. Simultaneously, he cocked the lever on the Stinger, squeezed it shut on the overloaded .22 bullet, and fired it into the heart of the ruthless giant. The Luger fell at Ludwig's feet and he scrambled for it, which was just long enough for the surprisingly fleet-footed fat man to leap back into the room and slam the door.

"Let's beat it!" Ludwig snapped. The pair of O.S.S. agents ran down the stairs and out into the street. Behind them they could hear the night-penetrating sound of the wheezing man's whistle. Then more whistles and running feet that seemed to be coming from all directions. They ran for about a block and ducked down a

dark street, slowing to a fast walk as they groped along the wall that fronted a large two-story house.

Then the whistles stopped. The couple hugged the shadow of the wall to catch their breath.

"I don't like the quiet," Ludwig said. "When they're making noise you can tell where they are."

He listened hard and ordered, "Move out!"

Hardly had the words been uttered when a flashlight was turned on no more than 20 yards away from them. Erna turned to run. Ludwig couldn't see how many of them there were—two, maybe three. He just instinctively emptied the Luger into the light. It went out to the accompaniment of a piercing scream of pain.

Ludwig and Erna sped off into the dark. Keeping to back roads all that night and the next day, they force-marched the 25 miles to Genthin, where another O.S.S. agent, a local lieutenant of police, reported there was a dragnet out for them.

"Berlin is closed tighter than a drum to you two," he told them, "but not to me or some of our other friends."

In such circumstances, it was not unusual for an O.S.S. agent to unload his mission and transfer it to an agent who was in the clear. Ludwig and Erna—"Jiggs and Maggie"—turned over their precious cargo to the policeman. He, in turn, channeled it to another O.S.S. agent at Potsdam. Within 24 hours, Gisevius received the papers, photos and ring in his hideout in a Berlin suburb. Four days

later, he crossed the border into Switzerland a free man. The O.S.S. team of "Jiggs and Maggie" followed him two weeks later.

It is difficult to imagine any mission that gave Dulles greater satisfaction. He had settled an old score for an old friend. Nine months hence, almost to the day, he would successfully negotiate the surrender of 26 German divisions in northern Italy during the closing days of the war, in a brilliant strategem that probably saved countless American and German lives. In the last few days of the Battle for Berlin, he actually had planted amid the shambles of the gutted city an O.S.S. agent, code named "Heinz," who broadcast instructions to Allied bombers flying overhead. But the rescue of Gisevius, though somewhat sentimental in its origins, was a master stroke by a master of intrigue.

Allen Welsh Dulles will probably be remembered in history as the goat for the "Bay of Pigs" fiasco when he was director of the C.I.A. Or maybe his relationship to his brother, John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State under Eisenhower, will earn him a mention in the annals of time. But for men like Gisevius, the common foot soldiers in northern Italy, bomber pilots over Berlin, the participants in D-Day in Europe, and countless agents who worked under his command—for these men he will live long in fact and in memory as a special kind of fighter. A man who brought the sordid business of espionage to the level of a fine art and used it in the winning of a great cause. **END**